



## Fallen from Grace



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### Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

Long ago, there was no such thing as Hell. Evil, did not exist. There was what only seemed to be light in our haven. But as even the smallest and unimportant creatures know, there must be darkness for light to exist.

*I, was that darkness.*

I was a guardian angel, if my position were to have a name. I was a protector of a single soul that was repeatedly reincarnated- a soul that went by the name Grace. Grace in all her years was always reborn with the same features.. Raven black hair, alabaster skin, and lips as red as a rose. She was the picture perfect child for playing Snow White for school plays- which is what she did in this life. This time she was Grace Arbour Hawthorne, a regal name for a regal soul. Since the dawn of time, my Grace had been proper and prim, never forgetting her manors. Only once did she ever forget, and she was punished severely. Oh how I wanted to hurt those who had beaten my Grace.

But alas, I could not directly interfere with my Grace. I had watched her hundreds of times, being born, growing up, dying... It was a cruel cycle. A necessary cycle. My Grace was 16 at the time, and she was on her way to school when a driver swerved unexpectedly, heading straight for my Grace. I couldn't let her die just yet- she had a concert to play in soon. Grace was not to

die.  
But yet I did. I broke free from the cycle and pushed her out of the way. I was not physically hurt, but my Grace saw me apparate out of thin air. It was only a moment, but it was enough. I reached out, and touched her fingertips. As our skin brushed, a crushing pain resonated from my back, sending me to my

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knees. I felt hollow inside, an empty agony. Grace stared back at me with those beautiful doe eyes, and I fell to blackness. I knew what I had done.  
I knew I was never destined to see my Grace again.

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